

PERSONALS.

Mayor Hinchman is away from the city on a short business trip.

Mrs. M. Heatherly left Waco yesterday for Alabama.

Mr. D. P. Shelton, of Philadelphia is in the city.

Mr. D. P. Skelton, of Philadelphia, is in the city.

Mr. L. Calhoun of the Ft. Worth Gazette stopped over in the city yesterday.

Mr. Bill Edmonds left Colorado for Seattle and the west coast on the 10th of this month.

Mr. H. J. Hudson of Lorena was in the city to-day where his general face is always welcome.

Mr. Peter McClelland returned from Colorado this morning looking flushed and hearty from the bracing air of the mountains.

Sheriff Harris leaves to-morrow for Ft. Worth to attend the state association of Sheriffs which meets at that place.

Dr. G. D. Streeter left this morning for Chicago via Hot Springs, Ark., where he will be joined by his wife.

Mrs. Wm. Lambdin who has been seriously ill with tonsillitis, is, the News is glad to hear, much better and on a fair way to rapid recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Dickey and their charming daughters Misses Lula and Flora returned home to Waco yesterday after a pleasant visit to Galveston.

Mr. W. F. Connor, of St. Louis, General Passenger agent of the celebrated Erie road was in the city yesterday and left for Austin last night.

Mr. J. D. Grant, of Dallas, general soliciting agent of the Queen and Crescent road is in the city to-day, looking after business for his road.

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LOCAL PICK-UPS.

The shooting tournament begins to-morrow promptly at 9 o'clock, a. m.

One of the fine prizes for shooting is by Sanger Bros.

The biggest thing on ice is the shooting match to-morrow and next day at Proctor Springs.

Justice Sleeper fined four negro crap-shooters \$10 each to-day. The convicted "sports" paid up and went their way sadder but wiser men.

Lessing, Solomon & Rosenthal's retail store furnished free the pretty programmes for the shooting tournament.

The cars run right up to Proctor Springs, starting from Fourth and Austin street. Visitors in the city can go right from the heart of town to the shooting match for five cents.

The finest beef, mutton, veal, and fish are always to be found at J. C. Crippen's market, corner Fifth and Franklin.

The Rev Horace Bishop, with assistants is conducting a tent meeting now on Third street in the place where Prof. Cevos's wonder-world exhibited. The meeting began last night with a good attendance and promises to be interesting.

The great shooting match open to the state, begins to-morrow at Proctor Springs. A big time is expected. Hundreds of pigeons and thousands of glass balls are on hand, and some of the crack sportsmen of the State will take part.

An immigration meeting is to be held at the court house to-night and it will be addressed by Prof. J. T. Clark of St. Louis, representing several railroads coming into Texas. An effort is to be made to whoop up immigration this coming fall and it is to be hope the court house will be crowded.

Ambold's show window is full of prizes which are to be shot for to-morrow. There are vases, Bohemian ware, cigars, dressing cases and a splendid target rifle, the gift of Mr. Ambold, some superb gun cases, silk parasols, game bags, fishing nets, silver cups, a gorgeous solid silver pitcher, dress hats, pictures and dozens of other elegant presents, some glassware the gift of Morrison & Fisher is elegant.

When you need money or have money to spend go to Uncle Duff Doman's.

The mad-dog epidemic which strikes the town by spells has been thoroughly eradicated by the untiring work of the policemen with shot-guns and rifles.

The "Majors" base ball club are trying to secure good games with the amateur clubs of neighboring towns.

Fine comb honey at Joe Thompson's.

You will save money by patronizing the Silver Moon restaurant.

A choice cuisine at Joe. Lehman's restaurant; the leading restaurant.

If you want fruit cans or glass jars for canning go to Barney Feldhake's.

Program of To-morrow's Shooting.

The program for the shooting match to-morrow is, first: Ten glass balls, 18 yards rise, and three fine prizes. 2nd. Ten blue rocks, 18 yards rise, four prizes. 3rd. Five balls and five blue rocks, 18 yards rise, four prizes. 4th. Ten blue rocks, 18 yards, four prizes. 5th. Ten live pigeons, 24 yards, three ground traps, four money prizes. 6th. Five pair blue rocks and glass balls in pairs, one ball and one blue rock, four prizes. All the prizes are fine and valuable.

California announces that she will produce 1,200,000 boxes of raisins this year, against 800,000 last year, and 300,000 three years ago.

Mormons are flocking into Wyoming in great numbers, and it is said that two years hence they will control the local elections in the Western section.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

Queen Victoria will not hold a levee this year.

Lillian Russell is getting thin and pretty again.

The late Mrs. Boucicaut's diamonds have just been sold at auction.

Eleven-year-old Laura Jones has invented a flour and grain elevator.

Mrs. Elizabeth Strong, of San Francisco, is the Rosa Bonheur of America.

Mrs. Theresa Fair travels on a palace car with her own steward and cook.

The mother of Gen. Lew Wallace lectures on woman suffrage and temperance.

Miss Faddock, daughter of the United States senator, wants to be an actress.

Mrs. Laura Webster is the only woman in America who performs professionally upon the violin.

Vanderbilt once paid Miss May Tillinghast \$20,000 for inventing a new kind of tapestry hanging for his home.

Mrs. John A. Logan rents a plot of ground, on which she has a small flower garden, from John Sherman, for \$50 a year.

A woman living in Xenia, O., has not spoken to her brother in thirty-five years, although she sees him almost daily.

Amelia Rives has never been known to keep an engagement at the hour named, but is nevertheless a great favorite among her friends.

Hanaka, empress of Japan, will visit America next winter, traveling in state with a dozen maids of honor, numberless officials and every incident of luxury.

Mrs. P. L. Collins, who is employed at the dead letter office at Washington at a large salary to decipher "blind" handwriting, can read every known language except Russian and Chinese.

Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, of Boston, a daughter of Louis Agassiz, has for eight years supported free kindergartens in the poorest quarters of Boston and Cambridge, at a personal expense of \$50,000.

Miss Linda Gilbert has devoted fifteen years and most of her fortune to prison reform. She has established twenty-two libraries in the prisons of different states and found employment for 6,000 ex-convicts.

Mrs. Paron Stevens, the American millionaire, who has just come to London, began life as a waiter girl in a restaurant, while her husband started out as a stable boy.

The way an English newspaper alludes to New York's prominent society leader.

Insurance statistics show that the expectation of life of American women at 20 years of age is 40.8 years, and of English women precisely the same. After the age of 30 the expectation of life among American women exceeds considerably that of English women.

GASTRONOMICAL TIDBITS.

Pink teas are more fashionable than green teas, but are less common.

A breakfast salad recommended for this time of year consists of lettuce hearts and new tomatoes.

Without cold veal many a caterer would be much puzzled to know how to make chicken salad.

Dry toast and marmalade and a cup of English breakfast tea is the Anglomaniac's first meal on the day.

The eating of oranges, grapes, asparagus and lettuce in public often tells what kind of man or woman you are.

A Florida town has sent a petrified ham to the Sub-Tropical exposition, and all the railroad restaurants have an eye on it.

An antiquated egg will never pouch, but can be utilized in any kind of an omelette, a fact that residents of hotels ascertained years and years ago.

There is a remarkable consumption of wedding cake now going on in the land, and a corresponding amount of nightmare and royal family dreams.

THE CRUST DROPPER.

A MENDICANT'S GAME WORKED ONLY ON THE FAIR SEX.

A New Version of a Very Old Fraud—Finding a Crust on Broadway—One of the Many Tricks of Smart Lazy Men.

Life was not a summer's dream, but a nightmare of coldness. The street car men were lashing their horses; the drivers on the walks were dancing around and slapping their hands to force a warmth; the present monarch—cold—had played liquoric tricks with the ears and nose of the temperance advocate as freely and liberally as with his opponent, and everybody was rushing and trying to keep warm. Just as I firmly planted the plates of my French heels in the lovely ice on the corner of Thirty-first street a poorly clad man jostled in front of me, and, stooping, picked up from the pavement a crust of bread!

I paused, started. Was it possible that any one in New York was so in want that he need not eagerly clutch a crust from beneath one's feet? Thus I pondered, as I watched him wipe it on his coat sleeve and eat it greedily. A little shudder swept over me, and as I felt for my purse I began to think where I could get him work. It must be horrible to be hungry on a cold day. However, before I had opened my purse, that one thing which wrecks so much happiness in this world came to me—doubt. I had traveled Broadway at all hours, seasons and all times, and I never yet saw a crust of bread on the pavement. Of course it was not impossible for one to be there, but it was most improbable. The more I thought, which was done quicker than I can write it, the more I became convinced that there was method in the man's display of hunger. At last I thought it would not be a bad idea to watch him and prove to my own satisfaction what I wanted to know. I would follow him and if he ate the crust I could lavish on him the charity that infused my soul before that demon doubt took possession of it.

After getting the crust he had stepped back on me, and in order to force him to take the lead, I became very much interested in some strawberries and tomatoes and cucumbers which, dreams of summer, were staring winter in the face from a window. This little act had the desired effect, and the man passed on. I started after, determined to settle the doubt that worried me. I had a chance now to study his appearance. He was clean, so, despite other sins, he was somewhat nearer to Godliness than most of the members of his profession. He wore a reddish-mustache and whiskers, and a black slouch hat. He was well built, and doubtless 5 feet 10 or 11 inches in height. He wore a short coat and blue overalls. I noticed that he had a stuffed appearance, as if he was wearing two or more suits, so I decided that he was not suffering from cold.

He had passed several persons without displaying the crust, and I began to think he was honest and my suspicions unfounded. I had just concluded to speak to him and offer aid when one of my feet started on a toboggan excursion without warning its mate. As I felt it go I murmured mentally: "Good-by, perpendicular!" when an outstretched arm helped me to gain my balance. I looked up into a pair of dark eyes and pressed a crust slowly, while I gratefully expressed my thanks for the service. The smile in those dark eyes still burned in mine when I looked ahead and saw my honest man in search of a livelihood stoop before a richly clad woman, who had a girl with yellow, curly hair by the hand. She stopped and noticed the act, and I forgot the laughing, dark eyes as I hurried on, in time to see the child look up into her face and exclaim: "Oh, mamma!"

The man had also stopped and seemingly was removing all dirt from the crust. I noticed his eyes were fixed sharply on the woman. She opened her purse, and the child handed him some silver, which he received with unassuming head and an affecting gesture of a coat sleeve across supposedly be-dimmed eyes. No, I did not rush up and warn the unsuspecting woman. I hate women; she would not miss the money, and I wanted to see the play to the end.

I kept close to a window during this little act and endeavored to make my face speak a admiration I was far from feeling for the display therein. Up Broadway the charitable couple went, and down Broadway the needy man, with me close by. I got closer than I expected, and was nonplussed when he stopped on the curb of the walk. I wondered what my best move was, for I dared not attract his attention by stopping or by passing him. I simply crossed the street. I was in the middle of the block, and the snow was rather deep, but I waded with the best possible grace, for I knew that we must pay for every pleasure. My boots were high so I considered this amusement cheap.

I quickly turned my eyes across the street just in time to see the object of my walk step in front of two women and bend to the pavement. I saw his act clearly this time. He did not throw the crust on the pavement, as I had supposed, but took it in his hand and merely stooped in order to attract their attention and in arriving he deftly displayed the crust in his hand as he brushed it on his sleeve. The women did not look like S. S. T's, but they both gave him money.

The same touching thanks were completed, my professional beggar started on down the avenue, and so did I. Once again my beggar worked his little game on two fat women, but they did not give him anything. The beggar never once dropped the crust before men. Trembling, I saw him go quickly in a crowd and apparently pick up the crust from before the feet of three women. The eldest of the lot crossed to him where he paused an instant on the curb and slipped something into his hand.

I had just determined to walk up to him and quietly tell him he was watched when he saw me and recognized me. I am sure, from the expression that crossed his face. He knew that I was following him, for he lowered his head and hurried on down Broadway. His look of guilt increased my desire to follow him to his home, but I felt that it would be useless to attempt it, since he knew me. Nellie Bly in New York World.

Nothing Like Leather.

One of the features of the new electric light plant in the city of Utica is the big belt connecting engine and dynamo. The leather in it required the skins of 646 adult cows. At this rate, good dairy butter in Oneida county promises to advance in price.—New York Tribune.

GOLDSTEIN & MIGEL'S Picnic Continued For One Week Longer.

In Clothing and Gent's Furnishing Goods. We had Big Success Last Week and We Propose to Keep it up with Much Bigger Bargains.

MEN'S CLOTHING.

We will sell you a good business suit, coat, pants and vest that Mallory sold from \$10 to \$25. \$5 to \$10
A fine diagonal suit Mallory sold for \$27, this week we sell for \$16.00
We have only about fifteen suits left.
Twenty fine French plaid suits worth \$17, this week for \$11.00
Fifty suits, coats and vests, light and dark seersucker, worth \$1.25, this week only \$1.00
Fifty much finer, sold everywhere for \$1.75 to \$2, this week \$1.00
50 summer flannel coats and vests worth \$1.75, this week \$1.00
200 pants fine casimere chevrons and diagonal pants from \$1 to 4.50
On this goods we will save you from 5 cents to \$1.50 on a pair.
The genuine Egin overalls, sold elsewhere for \$1.50, only 1.00
Youth's clothing a nice suit all wool for \$2.75, a finer suit 4.50

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Our laundered shirts, white and colored, worth \$1, this week... 57 cts.
A reinforced open front shirt worth \$1.25, for... 75 cts.
A good pleated bosom shirt worth \$1.25 for... 75 cts.
For one dollar we will give you as good shirts as you pay \$1.50 to \$1.75 for.

MEN'S HALF HOSE.

A good seamless hose for only... 10 cts.
A good regularly made colored and white hose for only... 15 cts.
A fine silk sock only... 25 cts.
A fine lisle thread, worth 10 cents, for... 33 cts.

UNDERWEAR.

A good undershirt only... 25 cts.
A good pair jeans drawers only... 25 cts.
A fine French halter-neck shirt for only... 75 cts.
A lot of boys' net undershirts... 10 cts.

A nice felt hat worth \$1.50 for... 75 cts.
A nice felt hat worth \$1.75 for... \$1.00
A much finer hat worth \$2.50 for... \$1.75
Collars at 5 and 10 cents, cuffs at 10 and 15 cents, and a nice white or colored handkerchief for 5 cents.

All we ask is a Trial. We will Save you Money on Everything, from a Five-cent Handkerchief to a Suit of Clothes.

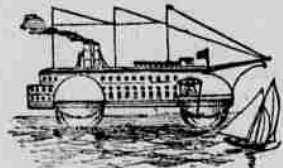
Goldstein & Migel.

Cut Prices on Everything Men, Women and Children wear.

STRANGE WATER CRAFT.

A Marine Bicycle and an Amphibious Steamer.

Genius sometimes treads strange paths, and the paths of none are stranger than those adopted by that particular class of geniuses who invent mechanical contrivances. Not long ago the newspaper readers of the country were given the story of the Michigan man who made a tricycle to run equally well on land and water, and now it turns out that a very similar idea was patented some time ago by Robert M. Fryer, of Arrow steamship fame.



FRYER'S STRANGE CRAFT.

The sketch given here is from the official drawings of the patent office, showing a vessel invented by Robert M. Fryer and officially designated as a "new and useful improvement" in buoyant propeller ships.

Exactly what would be its attitude in a storm is not known, but in calm water it glides along on gigantic wheels, high and dry. Each of the three propellers—one under the bow, two under the stern—is globe shaped and arranged to support the weight of the vessel when only immersed one-sixth of its diameter. They revolve independently of each other, and in the absence of a rudder the ship is steered by regulating the respective speed of the propellers.

This ship is designed to run on land as well as on water. The propellers are made with a flange to fit a rail, and it is intended to run the vessel across an isthmus or any land where a wide track with a middle rail can be built to accommodate it.

The New York World, from which the cut is taken, facetiously intimates that when ships of this sort come into general use the trip from Chicago to Liverpool "without change" will be common enough.



RING ON MARINE BICYCLE.

Professor Alphonso King's invention is designed to run on water only, and it is here pictured. He has made a number of trips on it, and first gained notoriety by walking across the Niagara river last year on fish shaped shoes of his invention. His latest exhibition of his present machine was at Boston.

Pen Picture of "Carp."

Frank G. Carpenter comes from Ohio, and is placed among our most popular letter writers. He is tall and thin, has reddish hair and mustache, and his pale blue eyes are indicative of a sanguine temperament. He has a peculiar voice, not unpleasant, and when listening to conversations of interest his face is wonderfully animated. He has great perseverance, and when in search for an interview he is seldom unsuccessful. Mrs. Carpenter is a tall, handsome woman, and wears her hair braided back from a deep white brow. Their little boy Jack, 3 years old, is a bright child. He has not commenced his literary career yet.—Washington Post, New York World.

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Pullman Palace Hotel Cars are run between St. Louis and San Antonio, via Sedali daily. All trains arrive and depart from the Grand Union Depot at St. Louis, thereby assuring passengers speedy connections.

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